

Sacred Sensual Secrets...



Offering 2 Jair
DAARXIDE

*Poems of
Love, Erotica, and Sensuality*

By
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Sacred Sensual Secrets

Poems of Love, Erotica, and Sensuality
by Jair, The Literary Masturbator™

Literary Masturbator

I'm a Literary Masturbator...a vocabulary manipulator... a spoken word exhibitionist.

I get off when people watch me do what I do.

Sometimes when I stand up in front of a crowd and bust what I got to give it feels like my organic dictionary fantasy coming true.

See I'm hoping these rhymes will seduce and titillate you heighten your audio erotic sensibilities...I'm really trying to cast you in a terminology spell.

I want my verbiage to come at you so strong and sensual that not only will you be able to hear it...it'll seem as if you can touch...taste...see...and inhale the smell.

The intercourse from my mouth to your ear will be like practicing the Kama Sutra finding different to explore each other during our conjugal session bringing pleasure and delight.

It's just you and me baby...this poem is for you...let the lexis work you and occupy your thoughts...night...after night...after night.

We'll find the rhythm and stroke until we tingle our bodies shiver from the expressions I give from the thoughts that have been the foreplay in my mind.

I throw out terms to take you to places unknown...I'm really trying to hit that spot to make your muscles tighten and unwind.

Brain fucking our way to intimate times shared using language as a lubricant and comprehension as a condom...it breaks...and now you're charged with my dialect pregnant with my pauses...gestating the seed syllables that I release as my shuddering spasm of word feast has slammed into your ears and released a desire for you to give my thoughts a place to ripen...grow...and swell.

Speak...bear my off spring.

Let our child come forth...you'll need no epidural to produce from your lingo lustng womb.

It'll be born into a world where metaphors, similes, and a diversity of idioms have come to commune.

It's like I've taken some sort of herbal verbal Viagra...I really have to feed this craving I have to get off .

Nouns, verbs, and adjectives all conspire and command my phraseology penis to...never go soft.

But this scenario is all in my mind...I'm gong to save these feelings and stimulations for a time when I can use them for later.

I'll be all alone...partaking in a furious session of glossarial self love...I want to thank you for listening to the confessions of a literary masturbator...



Photo by Sand

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Re-Member??

I recited you poetry on the banks of the Nile river many centuries ago...you spoke to me in riddles and chased me in a childish game of hide and go get it along the Congo...

I sang songs of love and devotion to you while sitting in a gondola on the waters of Venice's canals...we kissed in the middle of the night on the run escaping bounty hunters traversing along the mighty Mississippi...liberating ourselves from slavery...we were more than just pals.

I bathed you in the islands of Hawaii in a secret sacred sensual waterfall...even when we argued we found time to marvel at the beauty of the Amazon rain forest... I never stopped loving you...never at all.

Across time and space we continue to find each other...in oceans, ponds, gulfs, and steams...you are the lover of my soul...the nurturer of my essence...the man of my dreams

In solemn moments of solitude...I think of you and give myself to you in sweet surrender...spanning many millennia you and I together...forever...Re-Member??

Linger

Caressing that space on your back where your spine fuses with that succulent melon sends an electric charge through the palm of my hand and ignites a fire in my anatomy...I burn for you.

The nerve endings in my extremities become saturated with voltage from the lightning that courses through my veins when I touch you...my body is a conduit for your energy.

Let's merge our vigor through passionate lovemaking...affectionate touches...and emotional availabilities...

I am here with you in this moment where we are stealing time away from all others to create a spontaneous combustible connection that will

Linger...

He's All These Things And More...

His face lights up when I enter a room.

When a past love making session pops into his head
the memories consume his thoughts so much he says...DAMN
I...CAN'T WAIT TO GET HOME...

Like India.arie sings... "*he is the truth...said he is so real...and I love the way...that he makes me feel.*"

We take turns being the migiddy migiddy mack while sharing sacred secrets.

We kiss and rockets bursts...we touch and lightning flashes...is this ego talking...do I really think I'm all that??...it doesn't matter what you think because he loves me unconditionally and even when we disagree we know we have each other's best interest at heart...so it's all good.

Vulnerable...without fear.

Sharing the deepest chapters of our intentions...

Safe...he feels like home.

He's a homemade biscuit that you sop in strawberry jelly and butter...he's mama and antienem's fried chicken...he's magic but but there ain't no trick...he's my reflection so even the things about him that get on my damn nerves are merely parts of me that I'm working on...

He's red snapper on Friday from your favorite neighborhood joint and you don't even mind waiting in line...he's John

Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*.

He's the Rose Parade and you watch it over and over again even when they start showing it with commercials...he's shortness or breath...he's ejaculation...he's a shower on a hot sunny day...he's found money in your jacket pocket that you forgot was there...he's laughter in public when you're surrounded by a group of strangers and you don't care that they think you're crazy...he's this poem.

He's all these things and more...



Pour Vous, Vous Qui Savez Etes...
(For you, you know who you are)

And I shall never forget holding you...or how our bodies found the groove where we could lay together in sacred slumber...where our breathing became a duet...high and low notes...rising and falling in concert with the blessings of our Omnipotent Creator.

Etes-vous mon bebe? (*Are you my baby?*)

Your shy smile and giggle tells me your answer...

You are far from me my love but the memory of your embrace lingers in my brain...the softness of your kiss remains on my lips...the gentleness of your touch soothes me...and the light of your eyes shines in my soul

And I shall never forget holding you...not yet...

My Lovin' Is Like...

My lovin' is like peach cobbler...sweet to the taste with a fresh dough like embrace.

My kisses are like hot melted butter...baked inside of a clear Pyrex dish...I have nothing to hide...you can see all my ingredients.

Sometimes you can even get my lovin' with a scoop of homemade ice cream on top...don't get it twisted, my lovin' is lip smackin'...finger lickin' and good to the last drop.

But be aware I'm not just some after dinner delight or holiday treat...my lovin' is like peach cobbler because I'm a deep dish conscious brotha from the top of my head to the sole of my feet.

With a long lasting after taste of comfort and soul...I'm talkin' make you slap your momma good, Destiny's Child "Can you keep up?"...Regis yellin' he's out of control...

You want a taste of my fresh and fruity love?

Wassup??

What are you afraid of??

Did you forget your fork??

I Shall...

I shall kiss you if allowed.

I shall for it is my desire to express my love for you with a puckered embrace...on your lips and on your face.

I shall imagine you in my arms.

I shall for it is my essence long to hold you near...my dear...so you can hear the beat of my heart as it increases its rate at the thought of ...you.

I shall touch you with my hand.

I shall touch with my spirit as our souls commence in a dance...like Stevie sings, "*In true romance all loves needs is a chance.*"

Care to try? Ride or die, you and I...

I shall...

Because You Let Me...

Friday brings rain...not like the rain of a few weeks ago...just a sprinkle...no floods or mudslides just enough to soften the soil...take the edge off...and put me in a lazy hazy sensual mood...

Of course my first thoughts are of the day we met when I saw you at the bus stop on Sunset and Vermont...rain pouring down and you freezing because you'd left home wearing a tank top and jeans...it looked good on you but in a driving rain and temperatures in the 40's I could definitely tell you were new to the city..."Welcome to L.A.", I said as I offered you respite under my umbrella...it wasn't big but it was the least I could do...you smiled and said, "I guess Toni, Tony, Tone got it all wrong with the never raining in southern California thing"...we both laughed...from that time to now when it does rain I want to hear Raphael Saddiq.

I had to help and irate patron...which is why I missed your call...my cell phone buzzed to inform me that someone was trying to get at me...I didn't look at the caller ID just played back the message...at first I didn't hear anything so I was confused but then I heard Ailiyah sing, "*Can I come over?*" and I knew our form of winter weather had worked it's magic on you...

I called back and asked, "*What time?*"..."*Be there for Jeopardy*", you replied..."*I holla*", I said and hung up...two college degrees between us but we took the simple route to conversation...that's cool unspoken communications sometimes speak louder than a lot of blah blah blah...

I didn't feel like cooking but I didn't want fast food either...it was Friday it was Lent...so I stopped and got some catfish fillet and red snapper from Jazz's on La Brea and Rodeo...I can't explain it but somehow that little Asian lady fries fish almost as good as my momma...I had green salad...lima beans...and iced tea in the refrigerator so that would complete our meal...when I answered the door and saw you standing there with a bottle of white zinfandel all that was necessary was to park us in front of the TV and try and outshine the people on Jeopardy including Alex Trebek...

We were neck and neck...tit for tat...with our responses in the form of questions until final Jeopardy...when the category was figure skating you surrendered because you knew that was one of my specialties...your pouting and the light drizzle made for a wonderful opportunity to gloat but I wanted a kiss...hey I won I could have whatever I wanted...

This would be what they called a spontaneous evening because besides dinner we had nothing planned and after the "March Madness" update we needed to decide what to do next...going somewhere didn't feel right even though it was still early...I guess we could watch the bootleg of "Ray"...we hadn't seen it since Jamie had won his Oscar...*Let's do the dishes while we discuss it*", I suggested "*I'll dry*", you replied...I turned on the CD player and this song washed over me, "*There I go, There I go, There I go...pretty baby you are the soul that snaps my control...*

No words spoken we finished in the kitchen...I took your hand and walked us to the bedroom...we undressed and slipped under the covers...nestled in the bed your back against

my chest we slept...as the night grew longer...the rains grew stronger...tapping a hypnotic rhythm on the roof and window-pane...I pulled you closer using you as my pillow...your skin smooth as satin...your breathing rising and falling like sleeping on an ocean wave...we coalesced...it was natural and unfettered...then I realized from the first moment we met until now we'd meshed in a way that never asked one another to be something they are not and the only reason I held you in my arms in this moment is because you let me...



**I Shot Rivers Of Cum
(Jizzum For J.C.)**

I shot rivers of cum

While thinking of the possibilities of...You...Me...We

My essence burst like a dam of fluids set free

I thought of my tongue on your nipples

Your lips manipulating my hardness below

Your organ penetrating me in that space I only allow those I want to connect with spiritually...cosmically...emotionally...and physically to go...

With all this going on in my mind...it's no wonder that the pumping of my stiffness with my right hand...quickened my heart rate...made my thigh muscles convulse...made me light-headed like drinking rum...until I produced juices that overflowed in abundance and landed on

We...Me...While thinking of the possibilities of...You

I shot rivers of cum

Get Closer

Intimate moments of nothingness is the order of the day when I am with...you...spontaneously we decide not to do we just...be...no agenda or purpose...lying in each other's arms...letting our hearts..confer...playing kissing games...finding those areas on each others bodies as our hands caress...I must confess last night we did the damn thang but right now as the sun bursts through the window pane all I want is you next to me...you see the warmth of your flesh ignites my anatomy...your being sets me free...I can feel you in my arteries and corpuscles as my fingers massage your muscles...come on baby let me help you relax...just like that...your lips soft as cotton...your tongue is eager and wet...Damn! the phone rings...don't go no where...I ain't done with you yet...I don't answer...caller ID says it my mother...I should have known every phone call I've ever gotten while having sex or masturbating has been from her...but even mother radar can't break our trance 'cause it's about to be on as we create the rhythm for our pleasure ballet our sensual dance...your momma named you Floyd...I never call you that you're my schmoopie my poonie mac and it's like I'm hooked on crack and I just can't get enough of you...we are swimming . . . drowning in each other...licking...rubbing...touching...sniffing...fingering...adoration's lingering and I whisper in your ear "this is our time"...because nothing else matter in our selfish neglect of others... we are sharing sensualities and pardon me please but might I have more?... I'm greedy for you... needy for you... thirsting and famished for you... I'm addicted and it's all because of you... bake me...baste me... cook me... boil me... do

whatever it takes to get me done... see now we're really having fun...as we lay...we're procrastinating telling everyone else to fuck off...right now it's about him and me ...ride or die...you and I ...hmmm you and I...the two vowels that encompass all the alphabet I need to tell the story of us...it always works better when there is no rush to lovemaking...there's a lot of risks we're taking...so many rules we're breaking...but with others there were times when I was faking...so I know this is real...and I can hardly deal...my joy I can't conceal...especially since the mere thought of you gets me hot like ribs on the grill...I'm grateful just to have this time to chill...I wrap you in my arms...your back against my chest...feeling on that onion...I call it that because the first time I saw it...it looked so damn good it made my eyes water...got me so heated I had to order fries to go with the chocolate shake you were servin' up...affection not intercourse is our plan during this session of sharing...and I want to melt into you...coalesce...not stress...just be blessed...forget all the other mess

I just want to get closer...

And We Did It Slow...

It started when he called me at work and said, "I didn't need anything. I just wanted to hear your voice." I made sure he was okay and told him I'd see him at home at the regular time. "I'll be waiting for you was the last thing he said to me...seductively...deliberately.

And we did it slow...

I got home to find the smell of incense permeating the air in every room; every candle we owned was lit, giving the apartment an incessant enlightening glow. I walked through the living room and discovered him in the kitchen, at the stove making rice to go with the ground turkey meat loaf that was cooking in the oven. I wrapped my arms around his waist pulled him towards me and kissed the back of his neck as I grinded my stiffness into his twin peaks.

And we did it slow...

We took our time and melted into each other. We savored each touch, each caress. I kissed and licked his shoulders as the stereo played, "Nothing has ever felt like this "by Rachelle Farell and Will Downing. Did he plan that or was it just a coincidence? He turned to face me and draped his arms around my neck; our tongues searched each other's mouths. His fingers running through my dreads sent my senses into overdrive, "put the rice on simmer", I whispered into his ear.

And we did it slow...

Wearing nothing but his beige warm up pants with the orange stripes on the side was an open invitation for my tongue to taste touch and tantalize his nipples. My lips and teeth be-

came jealous and demanded their opportunity to partake of those two raisin like nubs on his smooth brown breasts. As I was redefining the word succulent on his torso he undressed me. We lay on the warm linoleum. Hands, fingers, lips, teeth, tongue exploring each other. Navigating pleasure as the CD changer made up its mind to play Mtume's "Juicy". We instinctively moved into a 69 position and simultaneously began to suck and slurp each other.

And we did it slow...

I licked and suckled his member like it was a big stick ice cream on a hot summer's day and I was so parched and greedy I didn't want to waste a drop. Sharing this delicious treat with another was definitely out of the question. He performed on me like he was famished after fasting 40 days and 40 nights during the Lenten season. I fed his hunger by thrusting my hips, sliding my manhood in and out of his supple wet mouth. I had to release him against my will or else we would have ended up with scorched rice and burnt meat loaf. He left me on the kitchen floor only to return to our impromptu love den with a condom and lube in hand. I knew what to do.

And we did it slow...

He lay on his stomach, an offering at the altar of desire before me. I spread his legs and began kissing and licking the toes on his right foot. Taking my time to suck and swallow each digit between my lips. I massaged the arch of his foot with my hand as I moved up his leg with my mouth to his calf muscle and then his inner thigh. I reached that brown pliable opening, the moist epicenter of his being and licked. I fluttered my tongue on him like the wings of a butterfly. He said my name as

I plunged my tongue deeper into his wetness. I could feel him push himself back on my face as I began to dip in and out of his honey pot.

And we did it slow...

By this time he was on all fours wiggling his hips and calling names and yes in that moment I was his mothafucka. I could no longer wait. I had to be inside of him. Our energies had to inaugurate coalescence. I worked a lubed finger inside of him and then two and then three. Satisfied with the expansion of his area I put the condom on myself and placed the head of my soul pole at his pleasure doorway. Once lined up I pushed forward, gingerly toward the inside. He winced. Should I stop? I thought, my answer came when he breathlessly said, "fill me up with it. I followed his command and placed my hands firmly on hips to help me take him higher into nirvanic blisses. Sliding in and sliding out feeling him tighten and release his spine becoming serpentine before me.

And we did it slow...

I place my hands on his shoulders to push in even deeper. I almost sped up my back and forth maneuvering but his insistence that I write my name in it in cursive became my sole mission my obsession so I long stroked him to slow my roll. Leaning forward to kiss him between his shoulder blades made him exhale his glee with a hissss. I reached around his waist between his legs and began to stroke him in time to my rhythmic drives. We were now working in concert, our breathing became labored. Our heartbeats like an African drum cir-

cle thanking God for the creation of town men discovering delectable delights in each other. I felt myself ready to explode but delayed my eruption until he came with me inside of him. I knew at the instant of his release his sphincter would involuntarily contract and grip me like a vise. He screamed something in a language only the two of us understood something holy and human at the same time. He shot juices on my hand on the tiled floor in that moment I felt the strength of his essence envelop the base of my rigid instrument, which caused me to unleash a tsunami. Tidal waves of hot creamy semen. An abyss of life producing liquid inside of him.

And we did it slow...

I collapsed on top of him, still inside of him. Both of us catching our breath, smiling at each other, laughing with each other, loving each other. I wrapped him in my arms, our legs became intertwined like the wires and cords behind granny's entertainment center. I kissed him on his face, neck, lips, and even though we were hungry for the food he'd prepared we fell asleep for a few moments dozing to John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme".

And we did it slow...



Camp Wild Wil

Let me set up camp between your thighs...

My tongue want to investigate your smooth brown skin as I descend into your valley...placing my hands behind your knees as you lay on your back I lift and spread your legs while my mouth surveys the deep chapters of your loins.

I take my time as any good camper should...navigating my way down...licking your thigh muscles...being attentive to the trail I am traversing...because when I come this way again...and again...I want to know my way.

I reach your fertile encampment...the place where I will pitch my tent and claim my territory...I flick my tongue on your opening...hearing you exhale deeply gives me more motivation to go infinitely farther into you gratification gazebo.

You place your hands on the back of my head...guiding my hungry wet tongue inside where I lap at your lake like a deer panting for water in the woods...like a man lost in the desert and you are my oasis.

I move upwards and reach that space between your sensual place and your pouch...I want to make it mine...I want to make is so if any other man tries to camp there he won't be welcome.

Your legs at attention your member in full salute my mouth feeds on your pleasure plums...low hanging fruit...ripe with juice I suckle them one at a time making you squirm...making your breathing come in gasps.

I finger you...you are hard and throbbing so I take my cure and envelop your stiffness...lathering the shaft with my lips, teeth, and tongue.

I flicking of your slit must be sending waves of ecstasy through your body because you begin to shudder as I consume your rigid staff.

I move my head up and down on it like a Rastafarian listening to a funky bass beat...like I want to be the apple bobbing champion at the country fair.

We are creating music, an intense and soulful tune and I am your Maestro...strumming the stings of desire...let me take you higher...and set the night ablaze with our campfire.

Just lay back and let bliss wash over you as I play your instrument in my love tent where I have set up camp...between your thighs.

Nocturnal Notion

Breathe on me...let me feel your breath on my skin...let it set me afire...I am yearning for you to rattle my nerves and increase my heart rate.

Blow...in my ear...curl my toes and make me say “ahhhh” and “yesss” and “see that’s the shit I like right there....just like that.

Lick me...let your tongue bathe me...get me wet with your hunger to taste me...don’t deny me the paleusre of your lips and teeth on my anatomy...see boy you got me...hot.I’m boiling...senses broiling...I’m cooking...marinating...you’re my heat...my fire...and just when it think I can’t get any higher...I wake up.

...Head

The tips of my dreads tickle my spine and lower back as I maneuver my mouth up and down on your dick...you run your fingers through my mane as I pleasure you...

You place a strong yet tender grip at the back of my skull...applying gentle pressure for me to take you deeper and even...deeper.

My oral manipulations are making you moan and grasp for air...your mouth agape you pant like a drowning man begging for rescue and release.

I liberate your shaft so I can partake of your generous pouch that carries gems of delight harboring creamy juices I want to bring to a sensual simmer.

Your solid tube throbs against my nostrils and glistens like a freshly waxed floor with the residue of my job well done...on my mission...to make you cum.

As I tongue the base of your stiffness...you squirm...your thigh muscles contract and release...your heart rate quickens as you build to a climax...and at the point of no return...I awake from my dream and wonder why these thoughts of you keep running through my...

...Head

Jair

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Indulgence

Thick...and...creamy...and I couldn't wait to get my mouth on some...it had been a while but I had a severe yearning for the taste of it...I knew it would be just the thing I needed to get my day started...it's always better for me in the mornings...everything is fresh...I admit I'd had it at different times...hell some days during lunchtime it would be all I wanted or needed to keep me satisfied...since I hadn't had any in a while there should be plenty and I wanted to ingest it...slow...so I could savor every drop...it may sound crazy but I've always loved the taste and texture of it on my tongue...and no one ever had to tell me about the protein or how good it was for me to get me to swallow it all...I'd lick up any that was left over...shit if I had my way I'd have it all the time...but I'm very careful where I get it from...freshly showered...teeth brushed and I used that lotion with cocoa butter to moisturize my skin...I am in no rush...because I can partake to my heart's content...Edward is still asleep so I do it quietly...my tongue licks that small residue right off the tip...I'm sure this will wake him and he'll want some too...

But fuck that I'm not sharing any of my strawberry yogurt

While We Discussed Nina Simone...

Met him on a Monday in February. Winter Mondays seem to drag on because there is no promise of Monday Night Football. He asked my name and introduced himself to me and I felt I knew him from somewhere. I know that sounds corny but his being was familiar to me. Maybe we'd danced at some Harlem speakeasy during the renaissance or ran away to Canada escaping slavery in past lives. Whatever it was the feeling was organic and ebullient. We exchanged numbers and for the rest of the evening I was at peace. There were no concerns about should I call? Or will he call? I knew within every fiber of my being we'd make arrangements to see each other.

He had just moved back to Los Angeles a few weeks prior to our introduction so I considered myself lucky that I ran into him. We talked a few times on the phone and the conversation flowed like a river deep with many twists and turns. A current that took that took many directions. There was never a moment of boredom or any awkward pauses. The only resolution that was needed was a decision about when to see each other. We set a date for lunch at Earle's Grille for the coming Saturday. It was convenient for both of us. He wanted a haircut and I had a meeting in the area.

Crenshaw Blvd. is teeming with an abundance of barbershops and other stores for people who are of an Afro-centric ilk. I suppose I am guilty as charged. I am so happy 2b nappy I have to continually warn my dreadlocks to not become arrogant.

I got to Earle's first and waited out front then I spotted

him as he left New Millennium Barbershop. It had been years since I had gotten a haircut but if I did that would have been my spot. It had a pool table, it was large, lively, and was decorated in purple and gold. Even though the Lakers were having a down year I took that as a sign the shop or at least its owner was a fan and didn't plan to jump off the bandwagon.

Keith saw me and smiled as he made his way up the block. He got a few feet away and I could smell his body oil as the scent began to tingle and boogie in my nostrils. It was a welcome aroma and I knew by the time we were face to face I'd be intoxicated by his scent. A quick decision needed to be made about expressing delight during our greeting. A hand-shake wouldn't do. A kiss on the lips would be out of place. There was always the brotha hand grab and back pat which would be appropriate for two black men mid day on Crenshaw Blvd. But we were more than that. We are two out and proud same gender loving men of African descent who were overjoyed to have this time together. A hug and kiss on the cheek from him let me know we were safe to be ourselves in public as well as private.

The line at Earle's had begun to pick up so we chatted and staked our claim in line to place our order. Isn't it great when you can be in the midst of a crowd but still share a wonderful secret with someone? Our order ready we decided to enjoy the sun, food, and conversation outside at one of the umbrella covered tables. The time of course went by fast because we were having fun and seeing that neither one of us wanted our afternoon together to end just yet I suggested a walk around Leimert Park Village. We didn't have much money to

spend but being in somebody's company and sharing ourselves cost nothing. Being vulnerable is free.

We strolled the few blocks of the area and glanced in store windows, laughed at each other's jokes, and ended up eating sweets and drinking hot chocolate at an intimate corner table in Lucy Florence Coffee House.

My idealistic sensibilities were zealously considering the possibilities as I sat across from him my hand resting on top of his, looking into his eyes. Savoring the moments while we discussed Nina Simone as it relates to the shuffle ball change...

Longing...

I miss your kisses...your soft wet kisses...your tongue in my mouth...I miss your strong arms around me...those biceps that lifted weights as if their only purpose was to hold me tight...I miss your body next to mine...our breathing creating a rhythm duet...I miss your smile and your laugh...your fingers playing through my dreadlocks....your teeth on my neck and nipples...I miss looking into your eyes while we made love...your full body weight on top of me...our bodies dancing as one...I miss your snoring...that precious song of slumber that let me know you were at peace and resting...I miss the sound of you're your voice...the motion of your walk...your phone calls in the middle of the day...I miss giving you a massage...touching you lovingly so you could relax and release...I miss listening to jazz with you...having a meal with you...I even miss those moments in between all these when we were apart...you've created a space so deep inside of me...

I miss you with my whole heart...



Injured

What karmic debt am I paying?

What loan from love do I owe?

I have asked nothing of love but to be for me what it is supposed to be...yet it continually kicks my ass

It runs from me...bolting out of the blocks like an Olympic sprinter in the 4X100 relay

I take my mark and at the starter's pistol race in a romantic fury but as I reach my stride the baton is dropped and I am disqualified...seemingly never to be love's victor...as I don't know if I will have another chance to win

Hurdles of heartbreaks await me it seems on my quest for adoration's gold medal

Will the anthem play for me?

I don't even feel like training for another opportunity...besides my heart has a cramp and my spirit a ham string injury that requires surgery...not to mention the therapy it will take to recover fully

Maybe it's time to retire...

Want To Be Born Again

Purge me...purify me...cleanse my heart...my mind...your spirit has permeated my soul...you abide in the very fiber of my consciousness

I need an exorcism...

I want to be holy...I want to be wholly...I want to be whole

I thought you would make me complete because you made me feel desirable and loved...you accepted my vulnerabilities and insecurities like tithes and offerings...sacrifices at the altar from a willing disciple..

I praised you...I worshipped you...I blessed you...

I surrendered to you like a monk dedicated to his faith...I was the Magi bearing gifts following the north star to a manger...our love was immaculate conception

But it must have not been enough because the pain I feel is like hell...I am being punished for my transgressions...

Is love a sin? Why hast thou forsaken me?

Baptize me in the Jordan...I wade in the water...waiting to be taken under...deliver me...purge me...save me...purify me...renew me...I want to be born again...I must be born again for the restoration of my spirit to be complete

The choir sings the gospel...the good news...a hymn of adoration,

"There's just me...one is the magic number..."



Photo By Kaya Nati

(See You Next Lifetime)

Word Ho

Word ho...

I hear what they say about me they call me a word ho because...I'll do anything for the turn of a phrase...I'll give it up to anyone who has a large...adjective...I use a dictionary as a self pleasuring aid and a thesaurus as porn...all I need is the ingestion of nouns and verbs and it's like Spanish fly...it gets me willing...hungry...and high...I'm the tramp that took on a whole team of metaphors...I didn't even know their names...I have no shame...I guess what they say about me is true...but I don't know what else to do.

I hang out late night in places where poets, writers, actors, comedians and other suspicious types congregate...we verbally fornicate...and I hope to snag a mate that will titillate me ...for the night...I travel from place to place...with no disgrace... sitting in coffeehouses, lounges, and theatres begging for tongues to wag and lick me all over with their...expressions.

I ask myself sometimes was I abused as a child ...is that why I'm this way...yeah it must have been those teachers that molested me with Maya Angelou, Langston Hughes, and Ernest Hemingway...the Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorne...I remember reading it for the first time...it took my vocabulary virginity...my colloquial cherry and left me marked desiring words in free verse, novels, haiku, and words in rhyme...I too wear a large "A" on my breast...for adulterous admirers of authors...I can go back further in my memory and place the blame on the TV Shows "The Electric Company" and "Zoom"...yeah that's why I'm always trying to come up with enough money to get a room...in bookstores...those places

that cater to word whores...they stock their shelves with books and magazines...luring me into their dens of literary stimulation...I read and get turned on by the classics...writers who don't know my reputation...they call to me to dig in my wallet and come up with enough money so I will take them home...sometimes they are with me for only a night...but sometimes if I've gotten something verbose...and thick...it takes a while before we are done but it's always the same...and before you know I'm out again...searching...lurking for more terms to penetrate me and make me theirs...even in music...song lyrics can make me their willing bitch...hearing Stevie sing, "*Until the day that 8x8x8 / 4, until the day that is the day that is no more*", scratches my itch...they know they have...the words they own me...terminology is my pimp so what can I do...you just shared a poem, sang a song, or recommended a book to me...so what does that make you?

As I read your words I was mesmerized by the flow, hypnotized by the words, which held me in the throws of arousal until such time I had to find a release both physically and spiritually.

*-F. Justin Hall, author of
"Please Refrain From Talking" and "The Redd Files."*



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